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BROOKS'S LETTERS.

NO. XXIX

Things in London.

July, 1835.

"One man is nothing—at most but an atom, a mere atom, an atomized atom!" Horror of horrors—how many times has this London been emptied in the many past centuries! What do you do with the dead? Can the earth hold them? How many feet deep of dead—think you there are under the earth, hereabout? If the resurrection will be, as we think, what a spectacle will be exhibited here! The two millions of people over whom I am looking now thirty years hence, will be half gone—sixty years hence, quite gone. A new race will be in these streets. Our day will be antiquity—People will wonder how we looked and acted. The peoples' children's children will be tramping over us. Two millions more of dead will be added to the millions of millions under the earth. Other men will be in St. Stephen's then. The St. James will have another King and Queen, if King and Queen then there be—and the worms will be eating this one; if then he be not already eaten. Perchance his monument will stand up somewhere, as rusty as Charles the Second's. But old Thanes will be what he now is. He will not change—Whip up quickly your heavy horses, ye draymen on Ludgate Hill. Others are hurrying to take your places. Drive on, lively boys. Who will drive when you are dead? What will a thousand years know of you? What folly to pile up these huge masses of stone! Old Time sends abroad millions of messengers, eating and gnawing the very stone,—and by and by he comes himself, with his terrible sledges, and strikes down what they have loosened. And you, Westminster Abbey, must also fall. He is at work upon you. By and by, rubbish will fill your Pord's Corner. Aye, this old Tower, they are propping up and propping up. Insure them as if they shake. There, is the monument erected in memory of the great fire—Who knows, but another great fire will level even this done in the dust. Sir Christopher Wren built this—and Sir Christopher Wren sleeps in a dark cell under the leat.

I have just been looking at Nelson's sarcophagus, under the very centre of the dome—Nelson died to lay in that gloomy place, to dispel whose darkness, torches must be lighted over his tomb can be seen. Oh, what is glory! A sojourner is asked to see him, and the great painters, and some others—the same star that is demanded for seeing the beasts in the tower—What care all the mighty mass of human beings moving around this church, who lie buried here! The huge clock is striking. How many have died within the span of the eye hence, since it first began to strike! Why cannot we arrest the march of Time, and keep young, and ever have such fresh feelings as we have now? The mischiefs, I get used to every thing. What is new to-day, will be old to-morrow. Already London seems natural—not so strange, so awful, as when I cannot catch new thoughts, but I instantly lose them. What I see in the morning as wonderful, becomes old before night arrives. If I write down every thing as it first seems to me, I rave. If I write it all, I am cool, the phantom is gone, and I am spiritless.—The sound of the organ below, startles me again. I hear its loud notes swelling through the dome and rolling through niche and gallery. The preachers in cathedrals ought to be giants, with giant's voices. If man had the power of the organ, a vocal power like that, then he could speak fitly of heaven in such vast aisles. He looks puny now, not like God's messenger.—The service of religion is below, and the service of manhood above;—religion in the church—money-scrambling without. See the gold-getters in the great Bank at my feet. In that Royal Exchange nearly full of rich merchants the wealthiest on the globe, empires are bartered for. And then the forests of oaks on the Thames, and in the huge docks far away. Myriads and myriads of streets and lanes! who can count them, all full of people—and who can feed them? Where do the people of this empire obtain enough to eat? This puzzles me. It all this city drink it dry? How do they, would they not drink it dry? What a thought, I ask again, get enough to eat—so many eaters and so few producers! What a slaughter too, there must be each day to feed them! What becations of cattle slain!

Such were some of my thoughts confusedly crowded, together, as I stood upon the topmost gallery around the Dome of St. Paul's Church and from this great height in the heart of the city, surveyed the mass of men and things all about me. In trusting you with these thoughts such as must rush into every man's mind on looking at such a city, from such a place, I give

you a better description than twice as many words in any other form can do. I will tell you to be sure, that I overlooked the dwellings of two millions of people, including the suburbs of London, and I might amplify upon the thickness of the smoke, and the dusty light it imparts to every thing. For miles you look upon dwellings. A rumbling confused sound swells upwards, as of armies marching, falls upon your ears. You feel, and the feeling is a true one, as if you are looking with a glass upon the heart of all the world, whence blood is rushing every where,—for no other city anywhere exerts such an influence on all the world in fact, centres here. Here mankind, if I may use the expression, seem to have come to a focus. Whatever you want, or can imagine you want, money here will bring. Even this very scene of London, with a mock St. Paul's is kept for show at the Colosseum the other end of the city, and it is perfect too, with the smoke and all. And it is as if to mock nature, is kept a tropical with tropical plants,—a cave too, actually made, with a real waterfall, stalactites and all,—and as if this was not enough to astonish you, you are taken to Switzerland, shown Swiss cliffs, true cliffs too, more waterfalls, really made and true to nature, and then from a Swiss cottage, you see Swiss mountains a picture this, and boats in actual motion over it! Here near Regent's Park, in thickly settled London, is all made—a steam engine (out of sight) pumping up the water, and turning waterwheels, and then cascades with their rainbows too! As I call it the heart of the world then, for specimens of all the world are here. You can see any thing, or have any thing you want to have of—frolic—of literature or science,—of pleasure or of labor,—of whatever there is, that the highest or lowest tastes of man can desire.

After a half-satisfying look from the Dome of St. Pauls, was tool enough to clamber up into the dark ball, where the hot, pent-up air, & the puffing of five or six foot as myself, made Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. Napoleon is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose brown terraced glances its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive—why I vexed myself to climb in that dark place was more than I can tell. This height is 356 feet from the pavement of the church is 600 feet. The ground plot on which it stands, is two acres, 16 perches and 70 feet. Then I took a stroll through the whispering gallery—into the old library where there is nothing remarkable but the floor put together without a nail—by the geometrical staircase which is a curiosity—and among the clock works, of the extent of which you will have an idea when I tell you that the dial is 57 feet in circumference the length of the minute hand 8 feet, and that the bell which strikes the hours, weighs 11,474 pounds, and has been distinctly heard 20 miles!

I had been into the crypt of which I have spoken before, and there saw where Wren, Nelson, Collingwood, Reynolds, Lawrence, Barry, West and others are buried, and have told you too, that we were conducted about by the light of a lantern in this subterranean abode. The rest of my leisure time I spent among the monuments, which British pride and British generosity have clustered thickly together in the aisles of this great church. Pakenham and Gibbs who fell at New Orleans, stands on one monument here. So has the marquis of Cornwallis. Sir Isaac Brock who fell at Queenstown (Canada) is represented as a corpse reclining in the arms of a British soldier, while an Indian mourns over his fate. The design of Gen. Ross's monument is 'Valour laying an American in the dust'—the diadem of the Caesars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune and the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with all the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combination appeared perfectly impossible; his plans perfectly impracticable; but in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person took the character of his mind

at times, is bepraising the "solemn" as adamant. It mattered a little, whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a "Braganza" or espousing a "Hapsburg"—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows Leipzig—he was still the same military despot.

—
A Kentucky Beau.

A coat of strong blue cloth of the Jehu cut, with white bone buttons of the Jehu size, the standing collar of which was always pulled up over the ears, and concealed them beneath its lace, served at the same time, in consequence of its being tightly buttoned from throat to waist, to hide the neckcloth and waistcoat, of the existence of neither of which I am therefore able to make affidavit. This upper garment, which was certainly typical of the horse part of his nature, impended over a pair of full corduroy pantaloons. The legs of the same, though constructed by the artist of amplitude sufficient to reach the ankle if they had been allowed to do so, having apparently been elevated to mid-leg in the act of drawing on a pair of half-boots, remained hitched on the top of the latter during the whole of the first day of my observations, no effort having been made to induce them to descend to the ordinary position. On the second, one descended and the other did not, and in this way Tom Lavender sported his Nimrod looking person I never saw his hands; as whether sitting, standing, or walking, they were always thrust decided to the bottom of the large flap pockets of his Jehu coat. In the manner in which he disposed his cabin in the cabin, when inactive, upon two or three chairs, basking before the fire, with his nose erect in the air, I thought I detected something of the alligator part of his origin; while in the impetuous manner in which, striding forward with outstretched limbs, he preambled the cabin or the deck to take exercise, alternately inflating his cheeks and blowing forth the accumulated air, I could not fail to detect the steamboat, by which the purity of the race had been recently crossed.

He was a man of no conversation, but he made up for it by an incessant horse laughter filling up the pauses in that of three or four trusty young cronies, who seemed to hold him in great respect and consideration. I should not forget to mention that at a later period I was informed that the mode of wearing the pantaloons hoisted half leg high as described above, was pre-arranged, and intended to give an "air dressing!"—*Lutrope's North America.*

With no friend but

The suspicious husband having observed Madame, in one of her late mystic meetings with the old steward, confide a large purse of gold to his possession, hastily quitted the room, full of vague apprehensions and surmises, and fully resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying himself in what manner his wife was in the habit of employing the intervals of his absence from home, which, owing to a pending lawsuit, had become of late very frequent and protracted. Yet he loved her, and respected her too much to distress her with open and direct inquiries on the subject of her visible confusion. Accordingly on the day following this little *brusquerie*, he took occasion during breakfast, to signify that he was engaged out on business the whole of the day, and should probably be detained until the evening of the morrow. Not long, however, after the usual hour of dinner, he made his appearance: the old steward opened the door.

"What, Karl! as I left you in the morning I find you in the evening—*toujours la pipe!* Always smoking! Is Madame at home?"—"Non, Monsieur, non."—"No! I think you are mistaken, Karl; I am nearly positive that I saw her close the palisade of her boudoir this moment in a white dressing gown. Is she alone?"—"Yes, sir—alone, sir? to be sure she's alone—at least, that is—I will tell her you are come, and—"—"I thank you, I can inform her myself."—"Why, no, that is—just if you please, sir, to allow me—may be she might be engaged, or—"—"Engaged! how, what, with whom?"—"Oh, with nobody, sir."—"Let me pass, old man; what does this mean?"—"Nothing, sir, but if you would only now—do, sir, only just wait a moment, that I may tell my lady, sir; she will be so frightened—you will be so angry."

"Angry, yes I am angry at your unaccountable detention of me. In truth, I do begin to have some evil surmises and suspicions. Hear me, Karl—tell me, tell me you know of your lady—why does she speak to you in whispers—give you gold?"

The old steward trembled. "Oh, pray don't ask me, sir; I can't tell you. My lady is a sweet and beautiful angel; but it is certainly lamentable that she should be so fond of that great long—

The Count trembled in turn. "What! Who? What is my wife fond of—?"

"Only a little, sir; sometimes by way of recreation; she does not often, and they do say people's inclinations are not in their power."

The Count's brain instantly took fire. Imagination mastered reason; yet he adopted a reasonable course, in resolutely shaking the old man from his hold, and, after striding swiftly and silently along the range of rooms that led to his Adelheid's apartment. In a state of considerable excitement, he pushed open the boudoir door with vehemence; but stood transfixed on the threshold at the spectacle which presented itself to his view.

His young and lovely wife was reclining listlessly in the large arm-chair, her foot resting on a low stool, her elbow resting on a small table at her side, while her delicate hand sustained an enormous *chibouque*, from which she was puffing clouds of fragrant incense!

His astonishment soon relaxed into immoderate laughter. "So, so, my fair Mussulman, I've caught you at last—now the secret's out, and the mystery, like most other mysteries, ends in smoke. The Jesuitical old Karl, too, to conspire against me. Truth, Adelheid, I don't know that I ever saw you look more graceful, charming—more femininely lovely. Nay, don't pour and blush and cry, and throw down that most magnificent *chibouque* so disdainfully; I'll buy it of you, mignon; will you sell it to me, eh? and throwing his arms around her, he hid her tears of mortification in his bosom. "And now my sweet wife," resumed De Morier, as Adelheid released herself from his lengthened embrace; "we will put away this pretty toy, if you please, until we go back to Berlin. Custom here is everything. Now, the Parisian ladies are not yet accustomed—that is, it is not yet the fashion here—in short, my love, the Parisian ladies *don't smoke!*"

Ought Government to be founded on Property.
"Riches are power," said the materialist Hobbes, who denied the existence of a spiritual God, and asserted that law rests for its support not on truth but on absolute will. "Riches are power," said the philosopher, who was the pillar of infidelity, and the apologist of absolute despotism. It was fit, that so immoral a doctrine should emanate from such a school. The friends of our puritan fathers lived on the scaffold, bearing testimony against it, and bequeathing their testimony to New England and to the world.

Riches are and ought to be power, repeat the whigs of to-day. "It is the part of wisdom to found government on property," is asserted in our constituent assembly; "remove not the ancient landmarks," is the language of the pulpit, the preacher forgetting how often, how far, and with what blessed results our fathers removed the landmarks of polities; it is the order of Providence, echoes the judge from the bench, where there is none to rejoin, and comparing in turgid rhetoric the rich to the oak towering in grandeur to the skies, and the poor to the shrubs, that exist only to be trodden under foot."—Wealth and property cannot long be separated, says the Whig, chairman of the judiciary committee, insinuating with the harmlessness of instant self-adulation that "we cry against the aristocracy of wealth" is but the policy of a "political aspirant, free from conscience and principle."

Thus it is that the Whig idolizes liberty only under the form of property. Not wholly destitute of patriotism, not wholly an outcast from the blessings of our free institutions, he is like

Manmon the least erected spirit that fell From heaven; force'n in Heaven his looks and thoughts Were always downward bent, admiring more The rich of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than ought divine, or holy else enjoyed In vision beatific.

Far different is the creed of American Democracy. "Our government," to use the language of Berkshire republicanism, "is founded on intelligence and morality."

We found government on property is an immorality. It renders moral considerations subordinate to material power; and subjects the authority of reason to the dominion of brute force. The magistracy elected by wealth, will reverence its author; and avarice, which always a discreditable motive, but which becomes intensely bad when gathered into a national passion, and constituting the prevailing motive in the government, will stifle or at least impair the just regard for the welfare of the masses. What security is there for the laborer, where his employer is also his sovereign?

It is not right to quote Aristotle, as favoring the concession of political power to wealth.

He was educated in a school which declared reverence for wealth, incompatible with a reverence for virtue?

He well knew the covetous ambition of accumulated treasure; and that where indulged, the wealthy had yielded to the temptation of engrossing all possessions?

"Immoderate wealth," says he, "is an occasion of sedition, which ends for the most part in monarchy;" a remark which coincides very nearly with the belief of the Democratic party, and within confession of Governor Morris, that "men of large property uniformly endeavor to establish tyranny."

"Wealth," says the same Greek philosopher, "strives to enlarge its dominion, and when checked in its ambitions, is prepared to convulse the state;" as if plainly preceiving that in a Democracy, the party of wealth is the party of revolution.

And as if to leave a testimony against a party which has sought shelter under his authority, he observes, "a republic verging to a Democracy is the most subversive and the most permanent, because the majority are masters of the state, and the people (compared with the aristocracy,) are less liable to the temptations of a selfish ambition."

The English revolution of 1688, was, indeed

an aristocratic revolution, achieved in favor of property, by "men of property;" and like the institutions of Rome, it furnishes an incontrovertible argument against the union of power of wealth.

Every popular principle, then established, had been introduced into the English mind at the period of the earlier revolution,

which had been attempted by the Democratic friends of our ancestors. The peculiar and distinguishing characteristics of the policy of 1688, the strict assertion of the privileges of the House of Lords, the extreme intolerance of the Church establishment, the outrageous inequalities in aristocratic taxation, the dependence of the House of Commons on the House of Lords, these are the evils, which were then so firmly fastened upon England, that it has required nearly a century and a half for the English people to gather power for the commencement of their reform. The Whigs of 1688 were "men of property," alike hostile to the power of the sovereign, and to the rights of the people.

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**Boston and Bangor Steam
NAVIGATION COMPANY,
NEW ARRANGEMENT
For the Steamers
BANGOR & INDEPENDENCE.**

Steam Packet BANGOR,
Capt. SAMUEL H. HOWES, Master,
WILL, after this date, leave Boston for Portland and
Bangor, every FRIDAY at 7 P. M.; will leave
Portland for Bangor every SATURDAY at 6 A. M.

RETURNING,
Will leave Bangor TUESDAYS at 7 A. M. and Port-
land WEDNESDAYS at 7 A. M.

The Steamer INDEPENDENCE,
Capt. THOMAS HOWES,
Will leave Boston every MONDAY at 5 P. M. and
Portland every TUESDAY at 6 A. M. for Bangor.

RETURNING,
Will leave Bangor FRIDAYS at 6 A. M. and Portland
SATURDAYS at 7 A. M.

The above arrangement has been made in consequence
of a satisfactory understanding with the Cumberland
Steam Navigation Company.

E. R. MUDGE, Agent.

Sept. 2, 1835.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford there will be sold at Public Auction, at the late residence of Dr. Oliver Griswold in Fryeburg, on Tuesday the twenty-ninth day of December, at one o'clock P. M., so much of the real estate of Dr. Oliver Griswold, late of Fryeburg, deceased, as will produce the sum of two thousand dollars, if not previously disposed of by prior sale.

DR. OLIVER GRISWOLD, Administrator.

Fryeburg, November 3, 1835.

Collector's Notice,—Porter.

NOTICE is hereby given to the nonresident owners & proprietors of lands in the town of Porter, county of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Porter for the year 1835, in their respective sums following, viz:

Names	No.	No. of Acres	Value	Per Acre	Debtors	Per Acre
Unknown,	16	100	150	3.15	3.15	3.15
do	17	100	100	2.15	4.87	6.97
do	18	100	157	2.92	4.49	6.00
do	19	100	100	2.15	3.00	6.00
do	20	25	49	1.96	4.2	5.00
do	19	40	40	1.00	3.15	3.15
do	19	135	150	3.15	3.15	3.15
do	16	100	150	3.15	3.15	3.15
do	17	60	126	2.04	3.44	3.44
do	5	95	95	1.00	1.99	1.99
do	3	50	75	1.57	1.57	1.57
do	2	50	50	1.00	1.95	1.95
do	4	100	100	2.10	2.10	2.10
do	7	100	100	2.10	2.10	2.10
do	18	100	100	2.10	2.10	2.10
do	19	100	100	2.10	2.10	2.10
do	19	100	150	3.15	3.15	3.15

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the Twenty-Fifth day of February next 1836, so much of said lands as will discharge the same will then be sold at public Auction at the store of John Higgins, Esq., in said town of Porter, at ten of the clock, the forenoon on said day.

JOSEPH TAYLOR, Collector.

Porter, October 10, 1835. 3w¹⁰ for 1835.

To the Hon. County Commissioners now sitting in Paris in and for the County of Oxford on the last Tuesday of October A. D. 1835.

THE Petition of the subscribers respectfully represent that in the year 1830 a new County road was laid out and established by order of the Court of Sessions for said County of Oxford on the Petition of John Bennett and others from the North line of No. 5, 1st Range through Letter B, and that part of Letter C, now known as C, Surplus and Andover North Surplus, being unincorporated places in said County, to the town of Andover, which road is unmade or greatly out of repair. Wherefore your petitioners pray, that after due proceedings had, a sufficient Tax may be assessed upon said Townships No. 5, 1st. Range, Letter B, and C, surplus as may be necessary to make and repair so much of said road as lies between the said North line of No. 5 1st. Range and when, the road is intersected in C surplus by a road recently laid out and established on the Petition of Samuel Lombard and others.

October 27, 1835.
LORENZO D. LOMBARD
and 4 others,

State of Maine.
Orford ss :
County Commissioners' Court
October Term, A. D. 1835.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, That the Petitioners notify all persons interested to appear at the next Term of this Court which is to be held at Paris in and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June next, to shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer thereof should not be granted, by publishing a copy of said Petition and of this Order thereon, three weeks successively in the Eastern Argus, a newspaper printed at Portland in this State, and in the Oxford Democrat printed at said Paris, the last publication in each of said newspapers to be at least thirty days before the said third Tuesday of June next.

Attest, R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.
A true copy of Petition and Order thereon
Attest, R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

Administrator's Sale.

PURSUANT to License from the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, there will be sold at Public Auction on the twenty first day of November next, at ten o'clock a. m. at the dwelling house of Willibell Russell, late of Newry, in said county, deceased, so much of the real estate of said deceased, including the reversion of the widow's interest, if necessary, as will produce the sum of One Hundred and Eighty Dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, charges of administration and incidental charges.

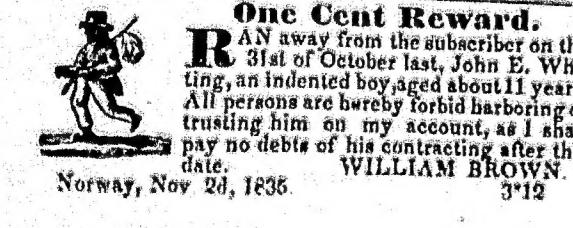
Said Real Estate consists of one half of three lots of land lying in said Newry, containing about one hundred and fifty acres, subject to the widow's dower.

ELISHA BARTLETT,
Newry, October 20, 1835. 11

One Cent Reward.

AWAY from the subscriber on the 31st of October last, John E. Whiting, an indented boy aged about 17 years. All persons are hereby forbid harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date. WILLIAM BROWN.

Norway, Nov. 2d, 1835. 3w¹²



Gary's Library of Choice Literature.

TO say that this is a reading age, implies a desire for instruction, and the means to gratify that desire. On the first point, all are agreed; on the second, there is diversity both of opinion and of practice. We have newspapers, magazines, reviews, fine, pamphlets of all sizes, and nearly all subjects, which have severally their place in the market; and yet, copious as are these means of instruction, there is a want of something more, which may be called a Library. And yet, though it is not so easy to gratify them, Expense, d. time from the emporium of Literature, engrossing occupations, which are not to be dispensed with, and the expense of libraries and booksellers, are so many causes to keep people away from the frust of reason, and the enjoyment of the coveted literary aliment. It is the aim of the publishers of the Library to obviate these difficulties, and to enable every individual, at a small cost and without any personal effort, to obtain for his own use and that of his favored friends a family, valuable works, complete, on all the branches of art and popular literature, and that in a form well adapted to the wants of the

The charm of variety, as far as it is compatible with morality and good taste, will be held constantly in view in conducting the Library, to fill the pages of which the current literature of Great Britain, in all its various departments of Biography, History, Travels, Novels, and Poetry, shall be freely put under contribution. With, however, occasional exceptions, it is intended to give preference to American Authors, and to set aside a portion of the Library to the use of the American public. When circumstances authorizing the measure, recourse will be had to the literary stores of Continental Europe, and translations made from French, Italian, or German, as the case may be.

Whilst the body of the work will be a reprint, or at times a translation of entire volumes, the cover will exhibit the miscellaneous character of a Magazine, and consist of sketches of men and things, and notices of travel, literature, and the like, selected with a view to the general interest of the world. A full and regular series of the literary and hothound journals of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to home periodicals of a similar character, cannot fail to provide ample materials for this part of our work.

The resources and extensive correspondence of the publishers, are the best guarantee for the continuance of the enterprise in which they are now about to embark. The editor will be given the right of first publication, and will be entitled to a portion of the net profits, to give it value in the eyes of the public. As far as judicious selection and arrangement are concerned, readers will, it is hoped, have reason to be fully satisfied, as the editor of the Library is not a stranger to them, but has more than once obtained their favourable suffrages for his past literary efforts.

TAXES.—The work will be issued in weekly numbers, in stitched covers, each number containing twenty five pages, and cost 3w¹⁰ for each copy, making each volume of more than 500 pages, 25s. The price of each volume will be 25s. Subscribers will be furnished with a handsome title page and table of contents. The whole amount of matter contained in a single year will be equal to more than 10,000 volumes of the common sized English duodecim books, the cost of which will be at least ten times the price of a year's subscription to the "Library." The paper upon which the work will be printed will be of the finest quality, and the type will be admirably adapted for binding. As the type will be cut in wood, it will furnish a handsome, as well as valuable, and an additional addition to the libraries of those who have

paid the price of the Library will be five dollars per annum, payable in advance.

A contribution of 20 per cent. will be allowed to agents, and a sum of postage for furnishing five extra sets, and remitting the amount of subscriber, shall be added to the commission of 25 per cent. for a copy.

A specimen of the work, or any information it may contain, may be obtained by addressing the publisher.

Editors of newspapers to whom thus propositus is sent, will please insert it as often as convenient, send a copy of the paper containing the advertisement, and offer it to their subscribers.

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